

RUSSIA ALARMED BY SUICIDE WAVE

Council of the Empire Considering Means of Checking Mania.

MUSCOVITE MIND NAMED AS CAUSE

British Scientist Declares Idea of the Uselessness of Life Predominates.

LONDON, March 29.—"The Muscovite mind has a clear vision of the apparent uselessness of life, coupled with a contempt for wealth, death, suffering, and everything else which attracts or terrifies ordinary men."

"This Muscovite madness has made of the present Czar a spiritualist, who talks to his dead father. It makes wealthy Russians gamble away their estates in a single night. It gives a peculiar tinge to the genius of Tolstoy and almost all other Russian writers."

This is the statement of Francis McCullagh, a Briton, long resident in St. Petersburg—a man of science, a Russian linguist, and a close student of Russian idiosyncrasies—in attempting to explain the suicide wave that is today sweeping over Russia.

A Dozen a Day.
McCullagh is only one of many European scientists of a medical turn who are studying the latest phenomenon of Russian life, a phenomenon which has led the Russian council of empire to consider the abolition of the law punishing attempts at suicide as a possible means of checking the prevalence of self-destruction. Suicides of sufficient importance to be noted in the press average a dozen a day, and have averaged this for a month.

Some medical men take the view that the manifestation is of a new thing, but that there is something fundamentally queer in the Russian character which outsiders are only just beginning to notice, through the opening of freer communication with what until quite recently almost an unknown country.

Unusual Criminality.

McCullagh tells many strange stories of what he calls the national madness in endeavoring to account for the bizarre type of criminality revealed in connection with the trial at Venice of the Russian student Naumoff, the Russian lawyer Prikoff, the Russian Countess Tarnowska, and the French maid Perrier, for the murder of the Russian Count Kamarowski.

"With some Russians," McCullagh says, "this mania takes the direction of religious views which could never possibly come into an Anglo-Saxon's head. With others it takes the form of crimes so outrageous, preposterous, original and extravagant that nobody else would ever think of them."

POETIC FAT WOMAN KICKED OUT OF BED

Wife Who Reads Verses in Night Obtains Divorce Decree.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 29.—Mrs. Hilda Young, a portly woman who did not look like a person who might successfully court the muse, was granted a divorce from John Young in Judge Houser's court. The allegation was extreme cruelty.

"Now, Mrs. Young," asked her attorney, "will you please tell the court how your husband mistreated you?"

The woman began to cry.

"Speak right out," she was urged by the court.

"I write poetry," said the woman, smiling through her tears.

"We admit that," furnished some excuse," blurted out the lawyer who was trying to get at the facts.

"But what else?"

"He kicked me out of the bed because I insisted on reading some of my poetry to him when he was trying to sleep. It was good poetry, too. He struck me with a stick here (indicating a spot on her forehead) before I reached the second verse. My husband never could appreciate talent."

TOTS PRINCIPALS IN MOCK WEDDING

Bride and Maid of Honor Each Acknowledge Being Three Years Old.

At a "Tom Thuma Wedding," under the auspices of the Jarina Chapter of Eastern Stars, George Graham and Miss Edith Robey, five and three years old, respectively, were married by the Rev. Hughie Maxey, a divine of five summers.

The ceremony was performed in the Naval Lodge Hall. Miss Welch played Mendelssohn's wedding march as the youthful couple marched up the aisle. Miss Pearl Jones, bearing the heavy weight of three years, was the blushing bridesmaid, and Lawrence O'Connell was best man.

A wedding breakfast was given to the young couple by their friends.

EXCURSIONS.

A delightful trip from this city to Old Point Comfort and Norfolk and return can be made at a very small cost on the new Norfolk line of the Potomac and Chesapeake Steamboat Company. The steamer St. Johns leaves here Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 5 p. m., and arrives at Norfolk early next morning. Returning she leaves Norfolk at 4 p. m., Old Point Comfort at 5 p. m., Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, reaching here early next morning. Those who wish to spend Sunday at the seaside can take the steamer Saturday morning, leaving here at 10 a. m., and arriving at Old Point Comfort at 11 a. m., and returning at 4 p. m. The regular fare is \$3 for the round trip. The big buffet of refreshments that has been in Cuban waters have returned and are at anchor in Hampton Roads. The St. Johns on all her trips passes the day by daylight, and a fine view of them can be had.

CAMPAIN RENOWNED TO RECLAIM FLATS

Anacostians Believe Time Has Come to Impress Needs on Congress.

WASHINGTON TIMES BUREAU: ANACOSTIA, D. C., MARCH 29.

Vigorous measures in the campaign for the reclamation of the Anacostia flats were decided upon at a meeting last evening of the committee of the Anacostia Citizens' Association appointed to deal with this project, and today the members of this committee are at work in the endeavor to further the proposed improvement of the Anacostia river, as it is deemed by those conversant with the situation that the time has arrived when the question of the amount of the appropriation that Congress will allow for the work is about to be settled.

The committee met in the office of Dr. Richard A. Pyles, on Nichols avenue, where the entire matter was discussed.

The committee also agreed upon the arrangements for the April meeting of the association in the Anacostia Masonic Hall, which will be a meeting in the interest of the reclamation of the Anacostia flats. It was announced last evening that the presence of Commissioner Judson is assured, and Hugh Taggart, whose recent report on the subject of the title to the lands under water has an important bearing on the question, will be in attendance, and will deliver an address.

The citizens of Anacostia, acting through Eugene E. Thompson, are making efforts to secure a quicker transmission from the city of mail matter for Anacostia, with a corresponding improvement in its delivery, at least in the thickly populated section of this suburb. It has developed, as a result of a change made in the hour of the collection of mail in the city in the afternoon, that mail matter intended for this place has been seriously delayed, and the effort now is to have the hour of the collection in town changed to the former time, which was 1:45 o'clock p. m. This permitted of the sorting of the mail and its dispatch to Anacostia in time to be delivered in the afternoon, a condition that does not exist at present, it is stated.

Mr. Thompson has placed the matter before the authorities of the city postoffice and they have promised to investigate the situation with a view of applying some remedy.

The Rev. William E. Bird, the pastor of the Anacostia Methodist Episcopal Church, held today to attend the meeting of the Baltimore annual conference, which is in session in Baltimore. As is now understood, Mr. Bird will not return to Anacostia as pastor, following the assignments to be made by the conference.

Mrs. Frank C. Haines, her daughter, Miss Marjorie Haines, and Miss Lily Reubler, of Washington, her sister, are visiting relatives in New Windsor, Carroll county, Md.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Anacostia gave a supper last evening in the Anacostia Masonic Hall. Nearly 200 suppers were served, and a corresponding amount of money was raised for the benefit of the organization, directed the corps of ladies in charge of the supper.

Electa Chapter, No. 2, Order of the Eastern Star, has completed its arrangements for the reception it will tender to the members of the Chapter of the Baltimore, in the Masonic Hall in Anacostia at the April meeting of the local chapter.

PHYSICIAN BUYS \$15,000 RESIDENCE

Dr. W. A. Barton to Spend \$6,000 in Improving Brownstone Dwelling.

One of the larger of the early week residential sales, involving a consideration of approximately \$15,000, has just been reported by the real estate firm of Wagstaff & White. It consisted of the transfer of the brownstone dwelling at 120 Connecticut avenue from A. Maurice Love, the Washington correspondent of the London Post, to Dr. William A. Barton. It is understood that Dr. Barton will spend about \$6,000 in improvements, and will occupy the premises as an office and residence.

The building contains eleven rooms and two baths. It has an English basement and is fitted out in hardwood, with parquet flooring. Making a total consideration of \$25,000, the firm of Gardiner & Dent, report having closed the sale of four houses. Two of the properties, located at Nos. 328 and 331 Tenth street northwest, the last of a row of three houses now in course of construction, were sold for Charles W. King, Jr. and they are the story, big windows, fire brick structures, containing seven rooms and a bath. The purchasers will occupy them as homes.

For William B. Coffman, Gardiner & Dent sold the two-story house at 628 Ninth street northeast, to J. B. Thomas. In this sale the purchaser is understood, will hold the property as an investment.

The same firm sold for James H. Ware the two-story brick residence at 131 V street northwest. The property is of colonial design and is said to be under a monthly rental of \$28.50.

Suggestions
The Spring Suggests Clean, Bright Garments.

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THE SKYPIRATE

BY
GARRETT P. SERVISS
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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Helen Grayman, daughter of a New York millionaire, is abducted from her room, along with her maid, Susan Jackson, by Capt. Alfonso Payton, a noted sky pirate. (The time is June, 1908.) The two women are placed on the aeroplane, Chameleon, and taken to the middle of the woods. He is a Spaniard-American, cultured and handsome. Grayman discovers her loss and notifies Police Commissioner Draman. Grayman tells people his daughter is with friends. The girl thinks it a prank arranged by her friends. Payton tells her he is Commander Brown, of Washington, and that her friends will be there later. Communicates with Grayman by wireless phone and demands \$100,000. Grayman agrees and a meeting is arranged at Tribes Hill, N. Y. He leaves the woods in his machine and tells her he has received a wireless from her friends that their aeroplane has broken down. After his departure, girl becomes suspicious and questions Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper. She goes to her room, when the latter will not let her go where she wants. She thinks she is a prisoner, but does not know it.

CHAPTER V.

The Police Play Their Hand.

It would be an indictment of the reader's perspicacity to inform him that Payton's story about the breaking down of an imaginary aeroplane, and the call to him for aid, was a pure invention. He had written the pretended dispatch, and given it to his man to be handed to him in Miss Grayman's presence, because he wished to keep up her delusion about her friends. He always made a point of humoring or deluding his prisoners as long as he could. It was no trouble to him, with his talents for dissimulation. It did not disturb his conscience. It made things run more smoothly.

He will be remembered that Payton, in his wireless telephone conversation with Mr. Grayman, had appointed a rendezvous for the second day after that of the discovery of the abduction.

He had no intention of completing the transaction at that meeting—if meeting there should be, as he had said, he would arrange for the payment of the ransom and the surrender of the prisoner to take place elsewhere. That was an invariable feature of Payton's system, which served to baffle those who sought to trap him.

His first intention was to get a meeting with the person who was to pay. If he succeeded in that, he depended on twenty things to aid him in the subsequent negotiations, his extraordinary cunning and his impressive personality playing the principal parts. It was seldom that he failed, and sometimes he almost enjoyed his victims out of their money. But he never failed to keep his agreements, and to surrender his prisoners upon the payment of the ransom.

This time he felt that he had a job of extraordinary difficulty on his hands; but he possessed, as he had said, complete self confidence, and was troubled by no personal timidity, although his caution exceeded that of the wildest fox.

He knew the character of William Grayman, and his extreme fondness for his daughter. Of course this last was his best lever. Yet his demand of \$100,000 was so enormous that he knew it would require all of his matchless dexterity in managing men, and masterful events, to enable him to get the money.

To begin with, it was, on its face, a thing of extraordinary improbability that the famous millionaire, whose shrewdness was a byword, would trust himself in the hands of an outlaw.

It was also perfectly certain that Grayman would call in the aid of the police. That, however, did not trouble Payton. He had uttered no vain boast when he said that nobody had ever succeeded in running him down, and he had the most excellent reasons for his belief that nobody ever would. The only ques-

tion in his mind was whether Grayman would go to the rendezvous at all.

Any other man than Payton would have assumed without arguing the matter, that Grayman would not go. But Payton was a master reader of human nature. He knew that Grayman could not leave things as they were; he must rescue his daughter.

Moreover, he knew that it was Grayman's lifelong habit not to intrust delicate affairs to others. He always looked after them personally, having no confidence in agents. The character of his business had stamped this upon his soul.

Payton had studied every tone and shade of meaning in the millionaire's replies during their conversation, and he was satisfied that the latter would be driven by the workings of his own mind, to a decision by the circumstances of the case, to take personal charge of the affair. So he set out in the Chameleon for Tribes Hill, very confident that Mr. Grayman would be there—what ever company he might have. In regard to this, Payton had means of knowledge, the nature of which will appear in due time.

Tribes Hill, a place famous in Indian tradition, lies in the old Mohawk territory, in the heart of the State of New York. The distance between this place and Payton's lodge was far greater than the reader probably imagines. If he cracks off and could see the place, he really was, the scales would long before have dropped from her eyes. But though the distance was great, Payton had plenty of time at his disposal, and, indeed, time to spare—for the Chameleon was one of the swiftest of the cracks off and under pressure could make 150 miles an hour. There were few aeroplanes at that time which could keep the distance as well as this, putting the flier in trim for either fighting or running away, as occasion might require.

Nor was Payton mistaken in his reasonings about what Mr. Grayman would do. He was right, and he had gone to work with great energy upon his problem, and here is the result of his cogitation, as he reported it to Mr. Grayman in his wireless message after their first conference. "Mr. Grayman," he said, wearing a satisfied smile as he entered the millionaire's sanctum, "I think that the Sky Pirate has carried his pitch once too often to the fountain in venturing into New York. I believe that we shall get him."

"Well, well," exclaimed Grayman testily. "You seem to have changed your mind. I am not sure that I am not just this," said the commissioner. "It has been with four of my men to Tribes Hill to look over as ground. Payton has been cunning, I must allow, but he has not hitherto had to deal with the metropolitan police. The bluff where he has promised to meet you is bare and unapproachable except under Payton's eyes. But there are woods not far off."

"Wait a moment," said the millionaire. "You seem to be assuming that I am fool enough to put myself into his grasp. You speak of my meeting him. It is you that he must meet."

The commissioner sat down and assumed a confidential tone. "Mr. Grayman," he said, "if you do not go, nothing can be done. No make-up to represent you would deceive this fellow. All of these kidnappers are too sharp for that, and he above all. If you are not willing to go, I shall have to throw up the sponge."

Mr. Grayman made no immediate reply, but sat meditating. It is true, he said at last, "that I have never allowed an affair of this importance to be conducted without my personal presence. I could not but be concealed somewhere near."

"Impossible! You must be there openly, or no at all. But let me assure you that you have nothing to fear. We can protect you."

"Suppose he should attempt to run away with me also? Do you know what that means?"

"I know perfectly well, Mr. Grayman, the importance of your person. But in this case, you would have nothing to fear. Payton would never dream of running away with you. What would he gain by that, supposing he could do it with me and my men there ready to follow?"

"Suppose he should kill me?"

"Worse and worse! In killing you he would kill all his chances for a ransom."

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Mr. Grayman meditated again for a few moments.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you are right. But, come, tell me your plan, and then I'll see."

"As I was just telling you," resumed the commissioner, "there are woods not far from Tribes Hill, which men and aeroplanes can be concealed. Now, my plan is to take four swift police department aeroplanes, and hide them in those woods. Moreover, I shall have a dozen sharpshooters concealed in the tree tops, and at the first sign of treachery they will drop him in fact, I am disposed to have the shooting done first off."

"Payton has long since been outlawed, and no question would ever arise if he were killed on sight. I know what he will do. He will drop down over the bluff for my daughter, and keep it hovering near during his conference with you. Then, when you have him engaged in talk, my men, at a signal, will drop him in his tracks."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Grayman. "You are going too fast now. If you kill Payton now are we going to find my daughter?"

"By capturing the Chameleon and compelling his men to reveal his hiding places."

"But perhaps they won't talk."

"We have means of making men talk," said the commissioner grimly. "Perhaps you have, but I don't like that part of the plan. It is too dangerous for my daughter. She would be killed for vengeance. But the aeroplanes are good. Go on with that part of the scheme, leaving my sharpshooters for an emergency. But why not take more aeroplanes? How many has the police department?"

"Eight. But it would be impossible to conceal more than four of them. I can dispose of four in such a way as to cut off retreat in every direction."

"How are you going to conceal them? You say Payton has the eyes of an eagle, and can command a view over the whole scene. And besides, if they are entangled among trees, how are they going to get under way at a moment's notice?"

"I have arranged all that. The aeroplanes, with power up, will be hidden just in the tops of the trees. A genuine eagle couldn't recognize them after they are disguised with leaves and specially arranged branches. As for getting under way, they will be ready to start at a moment's notice. I am the more confident of my plan because I have been looking up Grayman's history, and I know that he has never had the kind of an ambush laid for him. He has simply been chased with aeroplanes, but no such means of concealment have ever been practiced."

Mr. Grayman's shrewd mind warned him that there were serious defects in the commissioner's plan, yet he felt that something must be done, and done quickly.

"You know we must not fail!" he said. "We shall not fail," was the confident reply.

Still, Mr. Grayman was half disposed to reject the scheme, and try something else. But he could think of nothing else, and then his daughter's absence and her imminent danger smote his heart.

"Done!" he said, decisively. "I'll try it."

"Then," remarked the commissioner, much gratified, "I'll send off the aeroplanes tonight in order that nobody shall witness their arrival. Their commanders, who are the men that accompanied me to Tribes Hill, know already exactly what to do. They will prepare the ambush and be ready for work in the morning."

"How many men will you have in aeroplanes?"

"Thirty-six will go in the aeroplanes, of whom twenty-eight will be armed to the teeth."

THE PROPER CARE OF OILCLOTH
Oilcloth should not be swept with a straw broom or scrubbed with a stiff brush. Instead, sweep with a soft hair brush and wipe off with lukewarm water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of Gold Dust washing powder and rinse with clear, warm water. Where oilcloth is losing its shiny surface, wash as above, then dissolve a little ordinary glue in a pint of hot water. At night go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day and by morning the glue will be hard; it will give a fine gloss and make the oilcloth wear much longer.

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EVERY CONVENIENCE OF HOTEL OR CLUB

teeth. The twelve marksmen will be sent on by train in various disguises. We ourselves will take the midnight express for Albany, and a local train will bring us to Tribes Hill early in the morning.

The commissioner had learned that the full complement of the Chameleon, including her commander, was ten men. Accordingly he could count upon having three to one in a case of fight.

Thus the matter was arranged. When William Grayman said "Yes" to any proposition he wanted to have it carried into effect instantly.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Famous Expert Tells How Fat May Be Removed Rapidly By a Simple Home Remedy Without Causing Wrinkles, Disturbing the Diet or Necessity for Exercise.

"Fat is nothing but unused energy," says a prominent physician, and the man or woman who is burdened with it can easily get rid of it if they wish. All they need is 1-2 ounce of Marmola, a few drops of Camellia Aromatic, and 2-3 ounces of Peppermint Water, all of which they can get at any good drug store for a few cents. Then let them take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime until they are down to the weight they want to be.

This simple home remedy is far and away better than any or all the patent medicines for it reduces the fat safely and harmlessly. The ingredients are in fact beneficial to the system, having a tonic and purifying quality, and so help rather than distress the stomach. The remedy does not cause wrinkles, for it reduces the fat gradually and naturally, preserving a good outline, and, best of all, needs neither physical exercise to help it do the work, nor does it require any change in diet—one can get results and still take things easy—eating, meanwhile just what, when and how he or she pleases. Be sure and get the Marmola in a sealed package, so that you get Marmola and not a substitute.

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